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Down the rabbit hole one paragraph at a time...



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Chapter 1 by Danny Dorton

Bitter and unnaturally cold!! These were the only words my brain could construct as they poured the ominous yellow-green glow-in-the-dark liquid down into my throat as the others held my mouth open.

Chapter 2 by Danny Dorton



"Swallow," now the man said with the 9 mm pressed to my temple. The sweat on my brow made the steel from the gun cold like an ice cube in the shape of a small circle. Still as a swallowed the bitter and cold taste from the elixir transformed to a burn as it passed down my throat, esophagus, and ultimately coming to a rest in my stomach. The burn reminded me of the times, when being from the southern US, I had been with friends and had gotten ahold of Uncle Bill's moonshine.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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